

Piping Up

Ghetts

Aye (What are you trying, mate?) One
(What are you piping up for mate? Step right down) Put that down, put that d
own (Devlin, what you saying? Because you're not saying much) (Ghetts) Hear
what I'm saying (Hello)
You know what it is, yeah? ([?])
You guys ain't done nothing

I see a lot of men piping up
And it winds me up
You better mind your luck
I see a lot of them piping up
But my mind's corrupt
They better dive and duck

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Listen, yeah, yeah
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You couldn't even [?] in a manor if I tried you up
To the side of a truck, so, liven up
A lot of men claim that they're artists
But hardly writing off
I get dark with the start of the night
Because I'm the white cunt with the fiery tongue
If you want it, I'm on it
Come out of my socket
This year's all about profit
I gotta put things in my pocket like [?], I'm on it
Fire all cylinders
Coming through like a cyclone in the tropics
Demolish any spitter that I wanted, I'm honest
Claim to ill but you are far from it
I'm sick, you ain't seen this [?]

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I see a lot of them piping up
Must be the white and the pipey puffs

But I'll strike a guy like lightning does
Hide my knife in my knife size [?]
Mine is blade, no minor cuts
You'll get sliced and diced
Only I'm surviving the fight
And man are going on like say he's the one that defines the fog
Don't wind me up, you must be having me on
Because he ain't the same when his mandem are gone
And if you think that them man are bad boys
Then I wanna know what planet you're from
And if you knew what I know
Then you would not be a fan of his songs
Man are talking a real good game
But trust me, it's nothing that happened, it's long

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There's a lot of men that wanna be me
And a lot of men that wanna be G
But it's plain like [?], Devlin and Ghetto
We play for a team that are out of your league
Top of the premier, light years ahead of ya
Grimey [?], try and then I'll bury ya
29 times heavier
Kill MCs on the scene and the mic, I'm a predator

140 grime street settler
Never the [?] time would you be giving a leg and
Arm to begin on my nigga, the [?] you never could
Devs and Ghetts would end all ya
[?] I could never duck
Go away, come back ten times better
But I still aim better
Blud, better luck next time
All the best men win, and I guess it's us

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